

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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BLIND BARTIMEUS' FAITH

JESUS was en route for Jerusalem by way of Jericho. The Feast of Passover was approaching, and the roads leading to Jerusalem had many travelers, who usually went in companies or in groups. With our Lord and his Apostles was a considerable number of friends, together with numerous Pharisees headed towards Jericho. By the wayside sat a blind man, Bartimeus, hoping to excite the sympathy of the passers-by, for he was a beggar. In those days there was no special provision for the blind, and there were many of them in those parts.

Although numerous groups had passed, something especially attracted the attention of Bartimeus to this group as an extraordinary one, and he inquired who or what so large a company might represent. He was told that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and that the commotion, the multitude, represented those who were in his company. Many evidently preceded Jesus, so that the blind man began to cry for mercy and help before the Lord got to him. Those in the forefront rebuked him and told him to stop his shouting, intimating that the great Teacher should not be interrupted by a wayside beggar. But the man had evidently heard of Jesus before — possibly had heard of other blind men healed by him. In any event, he was seized with a conviction that this Prophet of Nazareth was able to grant him relief, that he was probably the true Messiah. Hence he shouted the more vociferously, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

The procession stopped, and Jesus commanded that the man be brought to him. He did not shout for him to come, but commanded, "Let him be brought." Mark tells us that those who brought the blind man said to him, "Be of good cheer, rise; he calleth thee," and also tells us that he immediately cast away his cloak or mantle in his haste to respond. When led to Jesus, the latter asked him, "What wilt thou that I should do for thee?" He responded, "Lord, that I

may receive my sight." The Lord answered, "Receive thy sight; thy faith hath saved thee."

There were many blind men throughout Palestine, yet only comparatively few received such a blessing. Why? Undoubtedly because few had the requisite faith. Note in the case of Bartimeus, the evidence of his faith as soon as he heard, the persistency which belongs to true faith; and note also the evidence that he was of sincere heart, as demonstrated by the fact that after he had received his sight he followed the Lord, glorifying God.

He might, on the contrary, have said to himself, "Yes, I have heard a good deal about modern salves and about a prophet who could speak the word and restore the sight, but in my opinion all these are deceptions. In any case they are not for me. No, I have given up all hope. Israel has been looking a long time for the Messiah, anyway. It is not at all probable that he will come in my day, that he will pass by just where I am sitting, and that it would be any use for me to cry out for mercy to him." Had the blind man thus reasoned, without faith, undoubtedly the procession would have passed him by and he would have remained blind.

That physical blindness is a terrible affliction none will question. But how much more serious is the mental and spiritual blindness which prevails. There are various degrees of this mental and spiritual blindness; some can see nothing, others can see a little, vaguely, dimly. Some can look at the sun, moon and stars and see nothing in them beyond what they call nature — a federation of matter without intelligent direction. The Prophet has declared that "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard," by some; but, alas, how many there are who hear not, see not, these things, who realize not the divine supervision of all of life's affairs.

Lacking of faith in a gracious, just and loving God of wisdom and power, these blind and deaf ones are unprepared for the messages of his love

and grace as they are given to us in his Word. To some of them it seems foolishness to think of a personal Creator at all; to others it seems foolish to think that one so great as to be able to create the worlds would pay particular attention to the interests of the individual members of our race. They are blind and cannot see afar off — they can merely see the affairs of the present life, with its eating and drinking, planting and building, laughing and crying, living and dying. They know not if there is anything else or what it is. Others with a little opening of the eyes of understanding can realize that there is a personal God, and that he takes a personal interest; and these in turn are blinded by the traditions of the elders from the "dark ages" respecting the divine purpose — that it is merely to elect a few and to turn the majority into a place of eternal torment. Alas for such blindness! How we long for the time promised by the Lord through the Prophet, when all shall know him, from the least to the greatest — when all the blind eyes shall be opened and all the deaf ears shall be unstopped.

All who now come unto the Lord by faith encounter some experiences of opposition which correspond in considerable degree to those of Bartimeus. Generally they are without encouragement until they realize their need and cry to the Lord.

Then comes the Master's question, "What wilt thou?" And well it is for those who, like Bartimeus, can say, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." Such do receive enlightenment from the Lord, an enlightenment by which they can see him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and through whom they may come to the knowledge of the Father, whom to know is life eternal. (John 17: 3.) — *Selected.*

If one does the best he can, he should not be denounced.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Glorified Biscuits.—Two cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons shortening, 3 teaspoons baking powder, milk, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. Sift flour, salt and baking powder, and add melted shortening with just enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll out on floured board, making a rectangle about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cream sugar and butter and spread over the dough. Roll up like jelly roll and cut in .inch slices. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven. Just before taking from oven turn biscuits over so both sides will be sugared nicely. A dozen of these cost about 25 cents.

Tasty Dish.—Form one pound of hamburger steak into small cakes and dredge with flour. Slice an onion into hot fat in an iron skillet and place the hamburger cakes in the pan with the onions. Season with pepper, salt and a little sage, dried parsley and celery leaves. Pour over all one can of vegetable soup. Cover and bake in a moderate oven until the meat is done, or for about an hour. Paprika may be added if liked.

Sweet Potato Waffles.—One cup mashed sweet potato, 1 cup flour, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Add all ingredients to potatoes, cutting in the beaten whites last. Cook on waffle iron.

Refrigerator Cookies.—One cup brown sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnut meats. Pack in bread tin or roll, and place in refrigerator or cool place for 24 hours, or until solid. Slice thin and bake.

Macaroni Rabbit.—Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, gradually add 1 cup milk and cook until it thickens. Add 1 cup diced cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, shake cayenne. When cheese is melted, pour mixture over $\frac{1}{2}$ box macaroni that has been cooked until tender in salted water. Put all into serving dish and sprinkle paprika on top; also a little parsley, if on hand.

HANDY HINTS

Always add a small piece of butter to milk puddings when cooking them, as this not only improves the taste, but prevents the pudding from boiling over.

When a dress suit of dark serge becomes shiny with wear, sponge it with hot vinegar and press it in the usual way. No odor of vinegar will remain, the shine will disappear, and the material will be much improved in appearance. The vinegar will leave no stain.

Slate or enamel sinks may be kept in good condition if occasionally washed with a soap jelly made by dissolving a large bar of soap in two quarts of boiling water to which two tablespoonfuls of kerosene have been added.

If gold or silver embroideries and trimmings are kept wrapped up in black paper they will not tarnish, no matter how long they may be laid aside.

"I AM not earth-born, though I here delay:

Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,

And laugh to see the mild and sunny day

Smile on the thin and shrunk autumnal hours.

I laugh, for hope hath happy place for me:

If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

—William Ellery Channing.

CAPE COD STYLES APPEAR FROM LONG AGO

FROCKS AND SUITS, IT SEEMS, WERE MADE
FOR HARD AND LENGTHY WEAR—SHOE BUCK-
LES AND MASKS FOR LUXURY

DAYS on Cape Cod, when silver shoe buckles for a young man were excuse for "neighborhood talk," and when ladies included in their toilets a mask and shoes with inch and a half heels, are revealed in an old history which has been brought to the *Transcript* office by Edmund Freeman of Roxbury. The book was published in Yarmouth in 1844 and is entitled "A Comprehensive History, Ecclesiastical and Civil, of Eastham, Wellfleet and Orleans, County of Barnstable, Mass., from 1644 to 1844." The author is the Rev. Enoch Pratt of Brewster. The main body of the book is of interest generally to Cape Codders only, but an addition at the end about the manner of dress on the Cape in the 1700s is of more than local appeal.

"In general," says Mr. Pratt, "men old or young had a decent coat, vest and small clothes, and some kind of fur hat. Old men had a great-coat, and a pair of boots; the boots were substantially made of good leather, and lasted for life; they were long and reached to the knee.

"For every day they had a jacket reaching about half way down the thigh, striped vest, and the small clothes, like the jacket, made of home-spun flannel cloth, full at the mill, but not sheared; flannel shirts, and knit woolen stockings, with leather shoes, and a silk handkerchief for holidays. In the summer they wore a pair of wide petticoat trousers, reaching half way from the knee to the ankle. Boys, as soon as they left their petticoats, were put into small clothes, summer or winter. These were made of home-manufactured cloth for common, and everlasting, for meeting dress. The oldest son had a pair of the latter cloth, and when he had outgrown them the next took them, and so down to the tenth son, if there were so many of the family.

"This manner of dress continued till long trousers were introduced, which were called 'Tongs,' and did not differ much in shape from those now in use. They were made of tow cloth, linen and cotton, in the summer, and in the winter of flannel, and were soon worn by old men as well as by young men and boys. Young men never wore great-coats. I recollect, says a writer of those past times, a neighbor of my father's, who had four sons between nineteen and thirty years of age; the oldest got a pair of boots, the second a surtout, the third a watch and the fourth a pair of silver shoe buckles. This made a neighborhood talk, and the family were supposed to be on the high road to insolvency.

"The women, old and young, wore home-made flannel gowns in the winter, and in the summer, wrappers or shepherd-dress; it was without a waist, and gathered round the neck.

"They were usually contented with one calico gown; but generally had a cali-manco or camelot, and some had them made of poplin. The sleeves were short and came only to the elbow; on holidays they wore one, two or three ruffles on each arm, sometimes ten inches wide.

"They wore long gloves, coming up to the elbow, secured by what was called tightens made of black horse hair; round gowns had not come in fashion, so they wore aprons made of checked linen, cotton and, for Sunday, white cotton, long lawn or cambric. They seldom wore caps, only when they appeared in full dress; they had two kinds, one was called strap cap, which was tied under the chin, and the other round cord cap, which did not come over the ears. They wore thick and thin leather and broadcloth shoes, with wooden heels covered with cloth or leather, an inch and a half high, with peaked toes which turned up. They generally had very small muffs, and some wore masks.

"In those days the young women did not consider it a hardship, nor a disgrace, to walk five or six miles to meeting on the Sabbath, or on lecture days; in the country towns, scarcely a chaise or any other vehicle was used. The common conveyance was by horses fitted out with saddles and pillions.

"Horses then were made to pace, that they might carry their riders more gently. It was not until a little before the Revolutionary War that they were learned to trot.

"In those days everybody went to meeting on the Sabbath and lecture days, however distant they lived. Those who owned horses did not consider them any more their own than their neighbors on that day. It was the custom in many, if not all, country towns for the owner, with his wife, to ride halfway to a horse-block, made for that purpose, and there hitch his horse and walk on, for his neighbor to ride who set out on foot, and so when they returned."—*The Boston Transcript*.

A MOTORIST'S prayer: Teach us to drive through life without skidding into other people's business. Preserve our brake linings that we may stop before we go too far. Help us to hear the knocks in our own motors and close our ears to the clashing of other people's gears. Keep alcohol in our radiators and out of our stomachs. Absolve us from the mania of trying to pass the other automobile on a narrow road. Open our eyes to the traffic signs and keep our feet on the brakes.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Stevens, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

REQUESTS

1. Miss Ruby C. Paris, Alpharetta, Ga., R. 5, wishes to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who remembered her at Christmas time. She appreciated everything very much, and is sorry she cannot write to each one. She writes: "Would it be asking too much of you, dear friends, to send some reading matter to a young friend and her dear old mother, both of whom are invalids?" They like fiction and magazines. Address: Miss Laura Roe, R. 5, Alpharetta, Ga.

2. I should be much pleased to receive any books published during what is spoken of as "The times of the Pilgrim Fathers," or writings by, or of the times of, Jonathan Edwards or other Puritan Writers. Mr. Frederick W. Keene, 501 Cleveland Street, Raleigh, N. C.

3. Miss Esther Shelton, Decatur, Tenn., R. 2, is doing a splendid bit of community work among the children of her neighborhood, who cannot often get to church or Sunday school. She asks for any helpful material, such as song books, cards, children's magazines, or sewing materials to keep them interested and busy.

4. Mrs. Linda Johnson has moved from Wayton, Ark., to Roswell, N. M., Gen. Del. There is a daughter, 16, and son, 14, in school; two little boys, 5 and 3 years, and a baby daughter. They are a very happy family, and enjoy good reading, but cannot afford to buy. Won't

some one please send a few magazines or a good book? It would help so much to cheer them all in their new home. The change was necessary on account of Mr. Johnson's health.

5. Mrs. Susie Smith, a widow with four small children, living in Bassett, Va., asks for quilt pieces, magazines and pictures to amuse the children.

6. It has been quite a while since I have received anything from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Hope they have not forgotten me. I would be very glad to receive sewing material for my 10-year-old girl, who is taking sewing lessons in school. I find it very hard to furnish her something to sew. Please change my address from Covesville, Va., to Mrs. George R. Nolen, Charlottesville, Va., R. 4. I wish to thank all who have sent me cheer. My health is very poor.

7. Mrs. R. S. Ingram, Ferrum, Va., asks for magazines—"Just something to read."

8. I am the mother of six children, two of them very small. I am a cripple and can't go about, and get very lonesome and discouraged. I would like to be on your correspondent list, and receive letters, books and magazines. I give you for reference Dr. W. C. Winker, Smithport, N. C. Thank you in advance. Mrs. Bina Jones, Clifton, N. C.

9. I am 68 years old and a cripple. I live 45 miles from a railroad town in the Boston moun-

tains, and I get very lonely. I would appreciate quilt scraps and reading matter to help pass away the long winter days. Mrs. Annie Swain, Dabney, Ark., Van Buren County.

10. I am a mother of eight children. My husband has been helpless for three years. I am confined with him all the time. I would love to get books, magazines or cards. Mrs. Lydia E. Farmer, Rugby, Va., R. F. D. 1, Box 50.

11. I am interested in reading, and would like very much to get something. Old magazines would be appreciated, as we are not able to buy. I would be glad to correspond with some one. I am fond of piecing quilts, and would appreciate a bundle of pieces very much. Mrs. Ellen Williams, Hensley, W. Va.

12. Mrs. Martin McCullough, Sinclairville, N. Y., R. F. D. 39, Box 60, sends thanks for all the kind remembrances at Christmas time. As she is an invalid, these messages and good reading came like a ray of sunshine. "May God bless you all, my dear friends."

13. I am sending my thanks to *Cheerful Letter* friends for their kindness to me. I am a country boy, and I enjoy reading. I would like a good Western story, or anything about moving pictures. Turner Pettijohn, Alpharetta, Ga., R. 5.

14. Please accept many thanks for past favors. The school needs drawing books, crayons and paper. We would appreciate any good books and magazines suitable for 10 to 20 years of age. Again, sincere thanks. Miss Sue Hardie, Principal, Mt. View Mission School, Meadows of Dan, Va.

15. (Miss) Clyde Roland, Clifton, N. C., is 14 years old, and has four brothers and three sisters. They all love to read. Please, some one, send them stories and pictures.

16. Will some one please send quilt pieces, embroidery designs and thread and a home magazine to Mrs. Beulah Moore, Lawsonville, N. C.?

17. Mrs. O. T. Davis, Box 13, Ansonville, N. C., is not well, has a very young baby, and her husband is away from home. She is very lonely and would appreciate quilt pieces and light reading.

18. Please give me just a little space to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends who joined in making Christmas a happy day for me and my little children. May God bless you for your kindness to us. Mrs. Sallie M. Threadgill, Ansonville, N. C., Box 234.

19. Mrs. J. P. Floyd, Marshville, N. C., R. F. D. 4, has five boys and three girls from 16 years to 2 years old. She asks for reading and pictures for them, and sewing pieces for one little girl who likes to sew.

20. I wonder if you have room to welcome me into the *Cheerful Letter* family? I have seven children who would enjoy good reading and

pictures, and I would be so thankful for quilt pieces. Will give as reference Rev. I. N. Kistner, Damascus, Va. Mrs. J. M. Furches, Green Cove, Va.

21. Mrs. Lewis Ogden, Alto, Va., Amherst County, has eleven children. She would welcome magazines and pictures, as they are not able to buy reading matter. The youngest is 11 years old.

22. I hope you print my letter, as I want to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the cheer they send to lonely and shut-in invalids. I am a shut-in, and have one little girl 6 years old. I would like to correspond with some one; I get very lonesome. Would some one send me crochet thread, and pictures or little stories to amuse the little child? For reference: Rev. Edgar Denny, Silas Creek, N. C. Mrs. Lola Eller, c/o John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C.

23. "God bless your good work," writes another lonesome young mother, living far from neighbors: Mrs. Joe Hill, Ansonville, N. C., Box 304. Her two small children keep her busy day times, but when they are asleep she enjoys reading and sewing. She asks for old numbers of magazines, as they would be new to her, and quilt pieces, and "please, someone, write to me!" She gives as reference O. E. Ross, P.M., Ansonville, N. C.

24. I would appreciate reading matter; also flowers, such as lilies, chrysanthemums, roses, dahlias, gladiolas, or cuttings of any kind. I enjoy flowers as well, if not better, than reading. You make no mention of requests for flowers, but to those who love them they are a great enjoyment, and I hope my request for them is not asking too much. Wishing you much happiness in 1929. Mrs. R. A. Baird, R. 3, Lenoir, N. C.

25. Miss Winnie Hall, Endicott, Va., who has just lost her mother, Mrs. Sarah Hall, would greatly appreciate cheery letters or quilt pieces.

26. It has been a long time since I have written to you all, but I hope at least some of you remember me. I am in great trouble now. My boy, Willie, 19 years old, has been sick ever since last April. He had the "flu" and pneumonia, and they left him in a very bad condition. He has had three operations, and may have to go to a specialist and have one lung removed. Will you please send him some books and magazines, and papers of any kind to read, to help him pass the lonely hours? I would also like to receive scraps, or bits of thread, as I have to stay in most of the time with my boy. I thank you for past favors, and wish to remain your friend. Mrs. R. G. Earp, R. 2, North Wilkesboro, N. C.

In speaking of one's friend, speak well or not at all.

It is no effort to say thank you.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Sarah Hall, Endicott, Va., died December 17, 1928.

Mrs. Mary Meetar, Lebanon, Mo.

Miss Louise Vinal, Somerville, Mass. Miss Vinal, for many years an invalid, took great interest in the work of *The Cheerful Letter*. She had many correspondents and sent away hundreds of cards, scraps and other things every year. She will be missed by many who knew her. She died in July, 1928.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Linda Johnson, from Wayton, Ark., to Roswell, N. M., Gen. Del.

Mrs. George R. Nolen, from Coveseville, Va., to Charlottesville, Va., R. 4.

Mrs. J. S. Osborn, from Rupert, Ark., to Fort Cobb, Okla., R. 1, c/o C. L. Jones.

Mrs. Lena Flowers, from Moultrie, Ga., to Pierce, Fla., Box 75.

Mrs. Belle Mason, from Rupert to Cleveland, Ark.

Mrs. Mary Corn, from Stella, Va., R. 2, to Nettle Ridge, Va.

Mrs. Jane Blackburn, from Malta, Ohio, to Gloucester, Ohio.

Mrs. Etta Ham, c/o Mrs. Minnie Barker, Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 6A, to R. F. D. 2.

A SONG OF BOOKS

A BOOK is like a magic box

Brimful of lovely treasure;

One quaint, old-fashioned key unlocks

Good gifts in generous measure:

Gay songs, and words like jewels old,

Tales carved from ancient times,

And shining legends set in gold,

And chains of silver rhymes.

A book is like a white-sailed ship

Across bright waters bearing

On many a blithe and jaunty trip

Of pleasure, search, or daring—

To lands of flower, and lands of snow,

Bright shore and lonely bay,

To strange old quays of long ago,

And harbors of today.

A book is like a faithful friend,

With heart that's always ready;

A comrade faithful to the end,

Wise, understanding, steady;

Good company at school, at home,

Gay pal for cozy nooks.

Heigho, for now and years to come,

Let's sing the praise of books!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

THROUGH THE KIEL CANAL

THE day began with a few faint streaks of orange in the northeast as we steamed out of a billowy North Sea into the gentle undulations of the mouth of the Elbe. As we approached Cuxhaven a dazzling amber sun rose up out of the sea, lighting up the tessellated tower of the town's famous old fourteenth century château and making quaint play on the islands of white mist which here and there shrouded the feet of the trees and houses. A few moments later and we were turned round nosing inquisitively into the incoming tide as we waited for the lock of the great Kiel Canal to open its jaws and let us in.

In the half hour before the lock was ready for us, half a dozen other vessels joined in the vigil. Another half hour and the whole lot of us had been disgorged into the canal. Two hours later, after we had coaled, we were wending our leisurely way toward the Baltic.

* * *

Eight knots is the maximum speed allowed in the canal. And fast enough it seems as you glide on even keel, now between wide pastures, now between the grass-grown segments of a hillside and at rare intervals between thick woods. Of towns there is only one—Rendsburg—along the whole seventy miles from Brunsbüttel to Holtenau by Kiel at the other end. There are not even many villages, but, such as there are, are models of what villages ought to be. Not a dilapidated house or barn among them. There are numerous modern wind-power water pumps and a few old-fashioned windmills. One or two only of the cottages show signs of having taken to the radio.

By far the greater number of the houses seem to have been built in the last few years. The farmsteads are not only solid, but are generally extremely pleasant to look upon as well. They are usually of unobtrusive red brick, but not seldom they are whitewashed and half-timbered, after the manner of old-fashioned English country homes. The countryside, too, has frequent English hedges, and its flowers and birds might also have come straight from an English meadow—even down to the dainty song of “little bit of bread and no chee-ee” and the golden yellow kingcup.

Yet in spite of a superficial resemblance to England, there is a marked difference if one looks below the surface. For instance, every couple of hundred yards or so, on each side of the canal, there is a squat mushroom-shaped iron post at which ships may tie up if they chance to meet an extra big vessel at a spot where the canal is too narrow for both boats to keep on their way together. Each of these posts is freshly whitewashed. Only very rarely is a coat of red lead visible underneath. Who can doubt that in

England the post would have had neither red lead nor whitewash, but would have been a rusty brown except where it was shiny black with the polish of many pairs of trousers?

* * *

But what, one wonders, at another spot, can have caused the orderly German to put his new church on one side of the canal, and most of the village it served on the other? And why did he suddenly place a whole quarter of a mile of telegraph poles complete with wires well out in the bed of the canal, when there was another perfectly good row sedately adorning the bank twenty-five yards further back?

Nowhere in England, or anywhere else in Europe for the matter of that, would one expect to find motor ferries serving a canal averaging not much more than 100 yards across. But every couple of miles or so along the Kiel Canal there are such, and you may see wagons and their teams, cyclists and foot passengers, chugging their way across just before or after you pass by them.

At Rendsburg, however, the ferry is not on the water, but a good many feet above it, being slung on long steel cables below a huge suspension bridge over which the railway to Schleswig passes, coiling snakewise upon its own tail to reach the necessary elevation.

There are four (or is it five?) such suspension bridges over the canal. Each time you come near to one, you hold your breath lest the mast of the ship should crash against it, and each time you pass under one you find there is anything up to fifty feet to spare. They are all architected differently, and, except for one which is angular, they are all a series of graceful curves blending into a harmonious whole—delightful fretworks of black steel silhouetted against the sky.

One in particular—the last but one before reaching Holtenau—destroys completely the illusion that steel work must of necessity be ugly, and you wish it was a compulsory part of the education of every structural engineer to make a pilgrimage to it. And a few moments later, when you get to Holtenau, you feel that every factory architect might do worse than study a little newly erected factory which can be seen from the canal. It boasts a tower which would do credit to the battlements of any medieval city.

And if anyone should say that such a thing as part of an up-to-date factory may be magnificent but it obviously is not efficiency, the simplest retort is that he just as obviously does not know anything about Germany.

* * *

Even the Kiel Canal shows that Germany makes uses of everything. In England, the grass along the sides of railway cuttings is generally left to be burnt by the sparks from a passing

engine. Or else it meets some other fate. But along the Kiel Canal, however steep the sides, it is carefully garnered in as hay, and we passed one party of canal-bank haymakers who had just finished their day's work and were towing a bargeful of the hay home. Three women were at the rope, and one man. In the barge there was another man standing on the hay and directing operations.

A little later on, while in the lock at Holtenau, we saw another German man who was directing the operations of his women folk—and very obviously not for the first time, either. He appeared to be an official of some sort, though in a most un-Teutonic absence of uniform. He strode hatless and coatless through the sunshine, holding a big black umbrella over his head with his left hand and gesticulating largely with his right. His wife trotted amiably behind him, also hatless but without an umbrella.

As a general thing, however, the genus man in the region of the Kiel Canal behaved much as other folk do. Here a corduroyed fisherman sprawled in the shade of a bush and neglected his four separate fishing rods; there a little goatherd boy responded with notable success to the exceedingly birdlike whistle of one of our more enterprising passengers.

Everywhere, in fact, could be seen peace and contentment along the great artificial waterway which its founders planned as a potent agency for war.—A. G. L., in *Christian Science Monitor*.

IN A NEW PLACE

ALL that is here my heart has known before,

In other countries, by another name:

Here still the autumn woodsmoke, more and more,

Clouds afternoons of blue and golden flame;

And here a music that is grave and lonely

Stirs on the air like bells without a wind,

And thought, itself, suspends, remarking only

How delicate the trees, how finely thinned.

And here the dusk that gathers on the lake,

And brings a spell of quiet to the land,

Again will lead the young moon in its wake,—

And at that moment I, myself, shall stand
Unchanged in moods and moons that I have
known

In other countries that I called my own.

—David Morton, in "*Nocturnes and Autumnals*."

THE policeman entered the street-front restaurant and with great dignity announced to the man at the table next to ours: "Your car awaits without."

"Without what?" retorted the rather loud-mouthed gentleman.

"Without lights," said the cop. "Here's your ticket."

A COMFORTING PROMISE

A PART of my summer's outing included a visit to a zoological garden, and nothing was more interesting and instructive than watching the lions. Beautiful specimens they were, with their long hair and manes, and awful in their quiet exhibition of strength! On this occasion they were very restless, and showed an uneasiness that caused one to fear that pent-up anger soon might give way to an outburst of passion. However, I learned the reason for their impatience: they were hungry. The keeper has a regular time for feeding them, and seldom varies by as much as five minutes. But on the day of my visit, he was detained unavoidably, and when I reached the den it was long past the time for their meal. They had learned to know the regular time and expected to be fed promptly. On this day they realized that the keeper was late, and they were walking to and fro and growling and roaring in a dangerous way.

As I thought of the incident, there came to me the words of the Psalmist, and they made a wonderful impression upon me and I saw their truth in a new light. "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing" (Psalm 34: 10). The child of the world may suffer hunger and lack many good things, but the child of God may ever feed at the bountiful table of a generous and loving Father.—*Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, Chaplain-in-Chief, United Spanish War Veterans, Baltimore.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

"TOWNS"

"Towns! I've known a thousand of them,
Large and small,
And I recall
Things I love about them all.
Towns with trees and treeless towns,
Towns where streets ran up and down;
Towns of peace and towns of shade,
Towns where noisy children played;
Towns with smell of bacon frying,
Babies crying,
Washing drying;
Towns of bustle, towns of slumber,
Towns and towns, in endless number.
But there's one town locked away
Where my secret thoughts are hidden;
Memories of it come unbidden. . . ."

—*Charles Oluf Olsen, in
"New York Times."*

This poem fails to include the "Smokey Town," the object of attack from those working for human betterment. We are told that a "Smoke Blanket" from 1,000 to 2,000 feet high

rests in the air above large cities, shutting out the vital ultra-violet rays, essential to health and happiness. It is not necessary, and should be destroyed by enforced use of smoke consumers on large buildings and factories.

According to Mr. A. C. Cross, Secretary of Community Organization, University of Colorado, growing children in high altitudes require the expenditure of more energy than those living on lower levels, and are therefore often found to be seriously underweight. Mr. Cross believes that young children, playing as hard when living in high places as those who live nearer the level of the sea, cannot build up body tissues as fast as they are torn down by the added amount of energy required in their play, and they require more rest. Adults who have attained full growth do not seem affected by altitude differences in respect to weight and general health.

* * *

WIDER VISION—LESS ADVICE FOR INVALIDS

Letha M. Thurber, writing in "Hygeia," asks how can an invalid fail to become selfish and dependent, as at present treated. The center of attention, he has the best of everything at the disposal of "kind" family and friends; the thickest cream, sunniest room, etc., and no "say" about his life, at all. Books are provided, clothes, food, and his activities. He is surrounded with restrictions, advice and intimidation regarding himself. He "loses his vision." The past fades, pain is substituted for action, and he lives in the distressing present. Miss Thurber suggests ignoring the sick one's disability as far as possible, and treating him like other members of the family as much as is practical. Too often we only think of what may be done for him, not enough of what he has the power to give us.

We do not realize that he has unusual time and opportunity for observation and cultivation. It is of great value to him to know that he has much that is worth while to offer others. The broader his mental and physical activities, the greater this will be, and of immeasurable benefit, whether the illness is temporary or permanent. We know this to be true if we think of the great invalids of the world, Bunyan and Milton, in their blindness; in our own day, the immortal Stevenson, whose brave fight and wonderful cheer have given to so many stricken souls the courage to carry on.

* * *

DR. FOSDICK FINDS OUR LIVES PACKED LIKE THE SUBWAY

Warns Crowding Out of Love Wrecks Homes

In a recent sermon on the "Overcrowded Life," Dr. Fosdick said, "One of our most important modern problems comes from the fact that we

have an outer world of multiplying complications trying to crowd into a day that will not grow longer, and into a capacity to pay attention, that will not expand. In consequence we are like subway trains in the rush hour. Open our doors even a little, and endless pushing things crowd in, until the space is jammed and nothing more can enter. We live, in consequence, not wicked lives, but cluttered lives, often with things we do not really care so much for getting in, and with some lovely and excellent things jostled out. This is the secret of failure in thousands of American homes. Some homes go to pieces because of infidelity, but many others simply because love and romance were crowded out. The trouble is so prosaic that many people forget it. The schedule, that tyrant of modern life that tells us what we must be doing every hour for weeks ahead, wrecks our homes. The husband has one schedule, the wife another, and they forget to save the situation by scheduling time with each other.

One feels, as one must often feel, the kinship between religion and beauty. Sometimes I think that in all my endeavors to make religion real what I am trying to say is, "Live beautifully. Put first things first. Let the great reverences stand at the center of life. Never let the jostling crowd of things pull and haul you until you yourself become a mob." Real religion is the beauty of a life organized around great devotions."

* * *

"IN EVERY LIFE"

"In every life a hundred lives are led:

Can this gay, babbling infant share the lot
Of him who, daring sober thrust and shot,
Slays steel-girt foemen where the charred hills
spread?

Or can this dotard, whose bald, wrinkled head
Drowns and nods in some still, firelit spot,
Be one with him whose madcap heart was hot
With visions of blue eyes . . . and lips of red?
Time after time, within each garb of flesh,
The spirit alters and is formed afresh;
A hundred selves in the dark ebb and flow
Of that true Self which mantles all in one."

—Stanton A. Coblenz, in "New York Times."

LAURA R. DONNELL.

The number of stars which have been photographed passes 100,000,000.

PERHAPS the reason only about 15,000 persons applied for positions in the Byrd expedition was the knowledge that there would be no summer vacations.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

NATIONAL prohibition became effective in the United States January 16, 1920.

A MOTOR ROMANCE

(Fill in the blanks with parts of an automobile. Each dash—is a syllable. Solution in next issue.)

HE thought her a maiden most wondrously fair;
She wore a blue — on her bright golden hair.
A — — around her fair throat she did twine,
Oh, she was a beauty he could but opine;
And each little — was so dainty and trim,
Like some Cinderella she just seemed to him.
To gaze on her face was to see and admire,
He thought of her beauty he never could — ;
But when would he win her? Oh, there was the
rub,

She came from that erudite city, the — ,
While he in New York saw the first light of day,
And lived near the — — — down by the bay.
His deep love to — — he tried all in vain,
'Twould — at his heart 'till it gave him a pain:
Quoth he, "I tell you 'tis not any joke,"
And then of his ardent affection, he — .
"Oh, have you for me just of love a dim —
And then I'd be happy, I can but remark;
But if you refuse me, why then it is clear
My heart it will weigh most a — — my dear.
Indeed I am pining, sweetheart, for your sake,
And if you refuse me, my heart it must — ."
The maid to his pleading did gracefully yield.
Said she, "You shall be my protector and — .
At some future day I will be your dear wife,
Together we gladly will motor through life."

ELEPHANT BABYHOOD

TEMBO, the elephant, stood beneath the shade of a straggling palm tree. Beyond the occasional flapping of his absurdly large ears he made no movement, and his grey body, spotted with sunlight and shadow, was so still that he seemed more like a great statue than a living creature. . . . His mother, a mighty beast who bore long curved yellow tusks, and whose one thought was for the safety of her baby . . . watched him day and night with true maternal solicitude. He remembered how, to show her affection, she used to stroke him with her long sensitive trunk; never for a moment was he out of her sight as they roamed about the forest while she fed on the succulent leaves of trees and shrubs.

During the early hours of the days, when cold mists lay on the forest-covered mountain, she would seek some secluded clearing to avoid the constant drip, drip, drip from the mist-soaked trees, and then, as the sun burnt its way through and the welcome heat reached the cold ground, she would stand and enjoy its warmth while the baby stood between her forelegs under her great body, which shaded him from the sun, while, with tiny trunk thrown well back over his head, he enjoyed his breakfast. When the drip from

the trees had stopped, the pair would once more seek the deep shade of the forest and wander slowly and cautiously about, avoiding roadways and paths and skirting any openings where there was risk of being seen by other beings. Even when in the densest forest the thought of safety was more important than anything else, and every few minutes the mighty mother would stop feeding and stand absolutely motionless, with her great ears thrown out to catch the slightest sound. . . . It was during these periods of watching that Tembo learned his first lesson, which was to keep absolutely still while his mother listened. If he moved or made the slightest noise, he would receive a gentle smack from his mother's long trunk. If this did not produce the desired effect, he received another and far more vigorous slap, so he soon learned that under no condition must he move until the signal was given.

Several moons passed before the little fellow saw more than a passing glimpse of other elephants. Occasionally his curiosity would be excited by seeing other dwellers of the great forest—delicately made bush-buck, mighty buffalo and screaming baboons—but he was never allowed to mix with any of these. Then came the day when his mother decided to rejoin her former companions, and he was introduced to the herd who, at the time, were feeding on the shores of a beautiful forest-enclosed lake. . . .

There were bathing parties in the lake, or in muddy pools that were hidden in the forest, and he used to stand on the edge, where the water was shallow, and try to imitate his elders as they sucked up the water with their trunks and sprayed their heads and backs. This was great fun, and the cold water was most refreshing; but he wondered why they did not choose the heat of the day rather than the evening, as it would then have been so much more refreshing. It was a long time before he dared roll in the soft mud as the others did, but at last he tried it and found it very much to his liking. Sometimes a dry bath was the order of the day, and then the whole herd would visit some sunlit glade or hillside and dust themselves with bright red earth; and he was amused to see that this would change their color, so that instead of being grey they were all red. This made them much more easy to see in the forest, where the red was in such strong contrast to the green foliage.—*Maj. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, in "African Jungle Life."*

JOHNNY: "Mrs. Jackson, can I use your phone?"

Mrs. J.: "Certainly. Is yours out of order?"

Johnny: "No, but Sis is holding the window up with the receiver, Ma is cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece, and baby is teething on the cord."—*Old Colony News.*

THE GOOD LITTLE SEED

ONCE upon a time there was a good little seed deep down in the brown earth. As a matter of fact, there were thousands and millions of good little seeds all through the great brown earth, but we are going to tell the story of this one because it's the story of all good seeds.

The little seed was very content in its nice brown home. It was happy because it knew that when warmer days came its journey to the outside world would begin, so it waited patiently, glad of the nice home it had, with the earth packed tight all around it, keeping out the cold.

One day the sun shone more warmly. It was spring. The rain came and made the earth soft and damp. The little seed felt the warmth and the moisture and it was very happy.

Bigger and bigger it grew until very soon it burst through its little jacket and up went a little shoot, pushing its way through the earth. Down went tiny little roots as fine as hairs, to suck up the water from the rains and send sap into the little shoot, which began to grow larger and larger, and then with an extra little push it burst through the crust and there it was up in the air and sunlight.

It was so happy it lifted little leaves like hands to the sunlight as if saying, "Thank you—thank you, sun!" Its roots, too, went deeper into the earth, to hold the little plant in its place, for without good strong roots the little plant would blow away in the first storm, wouldn't it?

It seemed as if the best thing of all was to happen now. A bud began to unfold among its leaves! It opened its petals ever so slowly, one after another in perfect order—for everything unfolds in order among the little plants—until one day some people came along and a little girl cried out, "Oh, Mother, look! Look at the beautiful flower!" There it stood, with its face toward the sun, and from its center—from its very heart—came the loveliest perfume you ever smelled.

"Oh, Mother," said the little girl when she breathed it in, "the flower is saying, 'Thank you,' isn't it? 'Thank you for the beautiful world!'"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A BRAVE man is never ashamed to confess a fault; he has courage to say: "I ask your pardon. I am sorry for what I have done. I will do my best for the time to come." It is cowards who are afraid to look back and face their faults, and so try to hide or deny them.—*M. L. Charlesworth.*

NU beginners in literature are alwus bothered tew find a subjekt tew write on; as they progress they are more troubled tew find what tew write on a subjekt.—*Josh Billings.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE MAGIC SLED

PRINCE PHILO didn't want to spend this morning taking Sam for a ride on the magic sled.

"And I know very well that when Amzi comes he will expect me to use the magic sled to take Sam to his grandfather's farm, where he is to be sent for butter and eggs and cheese," thought Prince Philo, as he scrambled into his outdoor play clothes. "I am tired of having Amzi expect me to do things for other boys."

Prince Philo always went out to play with his magic sled when the ground was covered with snow. The sled would carry him up hill and down hill wherever he wished to go, and it was great fun riding that way over the fields and the hills of the kingdom where he lived. Very often he took some boy to ride with him, but this morning he wanted to go to a pond at one corner of the kingdom where some boys he particularly liked would be skating.

"If I can get away before Amzi comes, I'll go right there by my own self," decided Prince Philo selfishly hurrying faster to get on his outdoor play clothes.

When he ran down the steps Amzi was nowhere in sight, but the magic sled was ready on the snow. It was a gay red sled with a top large enough for three boys to sit on. Prince Philo jumped on quickly.

"Please take me to that pond," he wished. And quick as a wink the sled started off over the snow. Prince Philo had to hold on tightly, or he would have fallen off a dozen times as he was carried up hill and down hill and around the corners. Usually he found it lots of fun to ride so fast, but this time he had been in such a hurry to start that he had not put on his warm mittens; so his hands were cold. And yet he was ashamed to stop the sled to put the mittens on.

When Prince Philo reached the pond to which he had wished to ride on the magic sled there was no one in sight. Not one of the boys he liked was skating there. He was greatly puzzled. He rubbed his aching hands and pulled on his warm mittens while he made up his mind what to wish next.

"Please take me where the boys are," he wished, as soon as he could grasp the sled rail again.

Again the magic sled was off, up hill and down hill and around the corners, until it reached a spot where it stopped so suddenly that Prince Philo slid right off on a piece of ice, and found himself in the middle of a group of boys.

"Where is Sam?" cried the boys.

Prince Philo looked at them. They were the boys he liked, and had been skating about this pond that was much larger and covered with

smoother ice than that of the pond at the corner of the kingdom where they lived.

"I don't know where Sam is," said Prince Philo, in surprise.

"Amzi said he would come here with you," explained the boys. "This pond is at his grandfather's farm. Amzi said if we came here, thou and Sam and he would come, and we would have a picnic."

Then Prince Philo understood what had happened, and was ashamed. Amzi had expected him to come here with Sam, and had planned this pleasant surprise!

"I'll go for Sam and Amzi right now!" cried Prince Philo, running to jump on the magic sled. "Please take me where they are."

The magic sled went faster than ever up hill and down hill and around the corners; but it didn't go fast enough to keep up with Prince Philo's impatience, and he wasn't a bit afraid of falling off. At last he saw Sam and Amzi coming along the road as fast as they could on foot.

"Hello! Hello!" cried Prince Philo. "I've come to meet ye!"

"I thought thou wouldst come to meet us!" answered Sam gladly.

And as Prince Philo made room for Sam and Amzi to snuggle with him on the magic sled, his heart was bursting with happiness that Amzi had felt sure he would want to do right.—
Ruby Holmes Martyn in "The Mayflower."

A MEMORY GEM

SOMEONE started the whole day wrong;

Was it you?

Someone robbed the day of its song;

Was it you?

Early this morning someone frowned,

Someone sulked until others scowled,

And soon harsh words were passed around—

Was it you?

Someone started the day aright;

Was it you?

Someone made it happy and bright;

Was it you?

Early this morning, we are told,

Someone smiled, and all through the day

This smile encouraged young and old—

Was it you?

—Selected.

"ONE smile can glorify a day;

One word new hope impart;

The least disciple need not say

There is no alms to give away!

If love be in the heart."

A RECIPE FOR A DAY

TAKE a dash of cold water,
 And a little leaven of prayer,
 A little bit of sunshine gold
 Dissolved in the morning air:
 Add to your meal some merriment
 And a thought for kith and kin,
 And then, as a prime ingredient,
 A plenty of work thrown in:
 But spice it all with the essence of love
 And a little whiff of play:
 Let a wise old book and a glance above
 Complete the well-spent day.

—Selected.

"WHAT kind of a watch have you got?"

"A wonder watch."

"Wonder watch! Never heard of that before."

"Well, it's like this. Every time I look at it I wonder what time it is."—*Epworth Herald*.

AS A MAN THINKETH

ONE saw only a furnace man,
 Unkempt, with smutty hands and face.
 Of hesitating speech.

Another beheld—not features dust begrimed.
 But clear, honest eyes;
 A being appreciative of kindness,
 Warm of heart,
 Responsive to signs of approaching spring—
 To the fragrance of an awakening earth.
 Ears quick to catch the rollicking song of
 Chickadee.

A tongue, unloosed, giving utterance to words
 of gratitude and respect.

Sweet prophecies of heavenly joys

Pass not unrecognized by such as he.

—*Bessie L. Bignall*.

TRUTH alone makes life rich 'and great.—
 —*Emerson*.

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